

TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES

The Crucifixion on Mount Calvary of Jesus, King of the Jews.

The Topic of Dr. Talmage's Discourse at Last Sunday's Sacramental Service.

"And Sitting Down They Watched Him There," the People Who Repudiated Him.

But Mingling in the Mob Were Those He Had Healed of Afflictions.

Who Recognized Their Physician?

Special to the Courier-Journal.

Brooklyn, March 2.—To-day was sacramental day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Dr. Talmage gave the right hand in fellowship to 134 new members, making the membership over 3,100. About thirty persons were baptized. The opening hymn was:

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?

The subject of the sermon was "Tragedy of Tragedies," and the text Matthew XXVII., 36. "And sitting down they watched him there."

There is nothing said Dr. Talmage, more wild and ungovernable than a mob. Some of the older people in the audience may remember the excitement in New York during the riot when the people went howling through the streets at the time Macready stood on the stage of the Astor-place opera-house. Those of you who have read history may remember the excitement in Paris during the time of Louis XVI., and how the mob rushed up and down frantically.

There is a wild mob going through the streets of Jerusalem. As it passes along it is augmented by the multitudes that come out from the lanes and the alleys to join the shouts and the laughter and the lamentations of the rioters, who become more and more ungovernable, as they get towards the gates of the city. Fishermen, vagabonds, rude women, grave officials, merchant princes, beggars, mingle in that crowd. They are passing out now through the gates of the city. They come to a hill white with the bleached skulls of victims—a hill that was itself the shape of a skull, covered with skulls, and called Golgotha which means the place of a skull. Three men are to be put to death—two for treason, having claimed to be king of the Jews. Each one carries his own cross, but one of them is so exhausted from previous hardships that he faints under the burden, and they compel Simon of Cyrene, who is supposed to be in sympathy with the condemned man, to take hold of one end of the cross and help him carry it. They reach the hill. The three men are lifted in horrid crucifixion. While the mob are howling and mocking and hurling scorn at the chief object of their hate, the darkness hovers and scowls and scowls upon the scene, and the rocks rend with terrific clang, and the choking wind, and moaning cavern and dropping sky and shuddering earthquake declare in whisper, in groan and shriek.

"THIS IS THE SON OF GOD."

I propose to speak of the two kinds of spectators around the cross—antagonists and adherents. Among the antagonists were the Roman soldiers. Now, it is a grand thing to serve one's country. There is not an Englishman's heart but thrills at the name of Havelock, brave for Christ and brave for the British Government. When there was a difficult point to take the officers would say: Bring out the saints of old Havelock. I think if Paul had gone into military service he would have eclipsed the heroism of the Caesars and the Alexanders and the Napoleons of the world by his bravery and enthusiasm. There is a time to be at peace, and there is a time when a Christian has to fight. I do not know of a graver or braver thing for a young man, when it is demanded of him, to turn his back upon home and quiet and luxury, and in the service of his country go forth to camp and field and carnage and martyrdom. It was no mean thing to be a Roman soldier; it was no idle thing. You know what revolutions dashed up against the walls of that empire. You know to what conquest she devoted herself, flinging her war eagles against the proudest empires. But the noblest army has in it sneaks, and these were the men who were detailed from that army to attend to the execution of Christ. Their dastardly behavior puts out the gleam of their spears and covers their banners with obloquy. They were cowards. They were ruffians. They were gamblers. No noble soldier would treat a fallen foe as they treated the captured Christ.

Generally there is respect paid to the garments of the departed. It may be only a hat, or coat, or a shoe, but it goes down in the family wardrobe from generation to generation. Now that Christ is to be dishroed, who shall have His coat? Joseph of Arimathea would have liked to have had it. Mary the Mother of Jesus, would have liked to have had it. How fondly she would have hovered over it, and when she must leave it with what tenderness she would have bequeathed it to her best friend! It was the only covering of Christ in darkness and storm. That was the very coat that the woman touched, when from it there went out virtue for her healing. That was the only wedding garment he had in the marriage at Cana, and the storms that swept Galilee had drenched it again and again. And what did they do with it? They raffled for it. We have heard of men who gambled away their own garments, who gambled away their children's shoes, who gambled away the family Bible, who gambled away their wife's last dress, but it adds to the ghastliness of a Savior's humiliation and the horror of the crime, when I hear Jesus in his last moments declaring: They parted my garments among them, and for my vesture did they cast lots.

IN THIS ANTAGONISTIC GROUP around the cross also were the rulers and the scribes and the chief priests. Lawyers and judges and ministers of religion in this day are expected to have some respect for the offices. In this land where the honors of the judiciary come to besotted politicians and men noted for drunkenness—even in this land where we live, it is an unheard of thing that a judge comes down from the bench and strikes a prisoner in the face. No minister of religion would scoff at or mock a condemned criminal. And yet the great men of that land seemed to be equal to any ruffianism. They were vieing with each other as to how much scorn and bilinguette they could cast into the teeth of the dying Christ. Why, the worst felon, when his enemy has fallen, refuses to strike him. But these men were not ashamed to strike Jesus when he was down. So it was in all ages of the world, that there have been men in high positions who despise Christ and His gospel. What tyrants have issued their anathemas? What judgment seats have kiddled their fies? What inquisitions have sharpened their swords? Not this man Barabbas. Now Barabbas was a robber. Against the Christian religion have been brought the historical genius of Gibbon and the polish of Shaftesbury and the kingly authority of Frederick of Prussia and the brilliancy of John Earl, of Rochester and the stupendous intellect of Voltaire. Innumerable pens have stabbed it and innumerable books have cursed it and that mob which hounded Christ from Jerusalem to the place of a skull has never been dispersed, but is augmenting yet, as many of the learned men of the world and great men of the world come out from their studios and their laboratories and their palaces and cry, Away with the man! Away with him! The most bitter hostility which many of the learned men of this day exercise in any direction, they exercise against Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Savior of the world, with out whom we will die forever.

In this group of enemies surrounding the cross I also find the railing thief. It seems that he twisted himself on the spikes; he forgot his own pain in his antipathy to Jesus. I do not know what kind of a thief he was. I do not know whether he had been a burglar or a pickpocket or a highwayman; but our idea of his crimes is aggravated when we hear him blaspheming the Redeemer. Oh, shame indescribable. Oh, ignominy insupportable! Hissed at by a thief! In that ridicule I find the fact that there is a hostility between sin and holiness. There can not be, there has never been, any sympathy between honesty and theft, between purity and lasciviousness, between zeal and indolence, between faith and unbelief, between light and darkness, between heaven and hell. And when I see a good man going out to discharge his duty, and he is enthusiastic for Christ, and I see persecution after him, and contempt after him, and scorn after him, I say, Hark! another hiss of the dying thief! And when I see holiness going forth in her white robes, and charity with great heart and open hand to take care of the sick and help the needy and restore the lost, and I find her lashed with hypercriticism and jostled of the world and pursued from point to point and caricatured with low witticisms, I say, Aha! another hiss of the dying thief! It is a sad thing to know that this malefactor died just as he had lived. People nearly always do. Have you never remarked that? There is but one instance in all the Bible of a man repenting in the last hour. All the other men who lived lives of iniquity, as far as we can understand from the Bible, died deaths of iniquity. If you

live a drunkard's life, you will die a drunkard; the defrauder dies a defrauder; the idler dies an idler; the blasphemer dies a blasphemer; the slanderer dies a slanderer; the debauchee dies a debauchee. As you live you will die, in all probability. Do not therefore, make your soul believe that you can go on in a course of sin, and then in the last moment repent. There is such a thing as death-bed repentance, but I never saw one, I never saw one. God, in all this Bible, presents us only one case of that kind, and it is not safe to risk it, lest our case should happen not to be the one amidst 10,000.

BUT THERE WERE RAYS OF LIGHT that streamed into the crucifixion. As Christ was on the cross and looked down on the crowd of people, He saw some very warm friends there. And that brings me to the remarking of the group of adherents that were around the cross. The first in all the crowd was his mother. You need not point her out to me. I can see by the sorrow, the anguish, the woe, by the upturned hands! That all means mother! "Oh," you say, "why did she not go down to the foot of the hill and sit with her back to the scene? It was too horrible for her to look upon." Do you not know when a child is in anguish or trouble it always makes a heroine of its mother? "Take her away," you say, "from the cross." You cannot drag her away. She will keep on looking; as long as her son breathes she will stand there looking. What a scene it is for a tender-hearted mother to look upon! How gladly she would have sprung to his relief! It was her son. Her son! How gladly she would have clambered upon the cross and hung there herself if her son could have been relieved! How strengthening she would have been to Christ if she might have come close to Him and soothed Him! There was a good deal in what the little sick child said, upon whom a surgical operation must be performed. The doctor said, "That child won't live through this operation unless you encourage him." "You must go and get his consent." The father told him all the doctor said: "Now, John, will you go through it? Will you consent to it?" He looked very pale and thought a minute and said: "Yes, father, if you will hold my hand, I will." So the father held his hand and led him straight through the peril. O, woman, in your hour of anguish, whom do you want with you? Mother. Young man, in your hour of trouble, whom do you want to console you? Mother. If the mother of Jesus could only have taken those bleeding feet into her lap! If she might have taken the dying head on her bosom! If she might have said to Him: "It will soon be over, Jesus—it will soon be over and we will meet again, and it will be all well!" But no; she dared not come up so close. They would have struck her back with their hammers. They would have kicked her down the hill. There can be no alleviation at all. Jesus must suffer and Mary must look. I suppose she thought of the birth-hour in Bethlehem. I suppose she thought of that time when, with her boy on her bosom, she hastened on in the darkness in the flight toward Egypt. I suppose she thought of His boyhood when He was the joy of her heart. I suppose she thought of the thousand kindnesses He had done her, not forsaking or forgetting her, even in His last moments, but, turning to John, saying: "There is a mother; take her with you. She is old now; she can not help herself. Do for her just as I would have done for her if I had lived. Be very gentle and tender with her. Behold thy mother!" She thought it all over, and there is no memory like a mother's memory, and there is no woe like a mother's woe.

THERE WAS ANOTHER FRIEND IN THAT GROUP and that was Simon the Cyrenian. He was a stranger in the land, but had been long enough there to show his favoritism for Christ. I suppose he was one of those men who never can see anybody imposed upon but he wants to help him. Well, Simon, they cried out, you are such a friend to Jesus help him to carry the cross. You see him fainting under it. So he did. A scene for all the ages of time and all the cycles of eternity; a cross with Jesus at the one end of it and Simon at the other, suggesting the idea to you. O troubled one, that no one need ever carry a whole cross. You have only a half a cross to carry. If you are in poverty, Jesus was poor, and he comes and takes the other end of the cross. If you are in persecution, Jesus was persecuted, and he comes and takes the other end of the cross. If you are in any kind of trouble you have a sympathizing redeemer. Oh, how the truth flashed upon my soul this morning: Jesus at one end of the cross and the soul at the other end of the cross, and when I see Christ and Simon going up the hill together I say we ought to help each other carry our burdens.

Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ. If you find a man in persecution, or sickness, or in business trouble go right to him and say: My brother, I have come to help you. You take hold of one end of the cross and I will take hold of the other end of the cross and Jesus Christ will come in and take hold of the middle of the cross; and after a while there will be no cross at all.

Shall Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there is a cross for every one,
And there is a cross for me.

But there was another marked personage in that friendly group. That was the penitent malefactor. He was a thief, or had been—no disguising that fact. What was he to do? Oh, he says, what shall I do with my sins upon me? And looks around and sees compassion in His face, and he says: Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom. What did Jesus do? Did he turn and say: You thief, I have seen all your crimes, and you have jeered and scoffed at me; now die forever—did he say that? Oh, no; Jesus could not say that. He says: This day shalt thou be with me in paradise. I sing the song of mercy for the chief of sinners. Murderers have come and plunged their red hands in this fountain, and they have been made white as snow. The prodigal that was off for twenty years has come back and sat at his father's table. The ship that had been tossed in a thousand storms floats into the harbor. The parched and sun-struck soul comes under the shadow of this rock. Tens of thousands who were as bad as you and I have ever been have put down their burdens and their sins at the feet of this blessed Jesus.

The dying thief related to me
That he had been in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

But there was another group of adherents. I do not know their names—we are not told, but we are simply told there were many around the cross who sympathized with the dying sufferer. Oh, the wail of woe that went through the crowd when they saw Jesus die. You know the Bible says if all the things Jesus did were recorded, the world would not contain the books that would be written. It implies that what we have in the Bible are merely specimens of the Savior's mercy. We are told that one blind man got his eyesight. I suppose he cured twenty that we are not told of. When he cured the one leper whose story is recorded, he might have cured twenty lepers. Where he did one act of kindness mentioned he must have done a thousand we do not know about. I see those who received kindness from Him standing beneath the cross, and one says: Why, that is the Jesus that bound up my broken heart! And another standing beneath the cross says: That is the Jesus that restored my daughter to life! Another looks up and says: Why, that is Jesus who gave me my eyesight! And another looks up and says: That is the Jesus who lifted me up when I was sick. Oh, I can't bear to see him die! Every pelt of the hammer drove a spike through their hearts; every groan of Christ opens a new fountain of sorrow. They had better get on with that crucifixion quickly, or it will never take place. These disciples will seize Christ and snatch Him from the grasp of those bad men, and take those ring-leaders of the persecution and put them up in the very place. Be quick with those nails! Be quick with that call! Be quick with those spikes, for I see in the sorrow and wrath of these disciples a storm brewing that will burst on the heads of those persecutors.

TO-DAY WE COME and join the crowd of adherents. Who wants to be on the wrong side? I can not bear to be among the antagonists. I want to join the other group. We come while they are bewailing and join their lamentations. We see that brow bruised; we hear that dying groan; and while the priests scoff and the devils rave and the lightning of God's wrath are twisted into a wreath for the bloody mount, you and I will join the cry, the supplication of the penitent malefactor:

Lord, remember me when Thou comest into the kingdom. Oh, the pain, the ignominy, the ghastliness, the agony and yet the joy, the thrilling, bounding, glorious hope! Son of Mary! Son of God! Is there one here who will reject this stonement made for the people—not for one man here and one man there, but for all who will accept it? There was a very touching scene among an Indian tribe in the last century. One of the chiefs had slain a man belonging to an opposite tribe, and that tribe came up and said: We will exterminate you, unless you surrender the man who committed the crime. The chieftain who did the crime stepped out from the ranks and said: I am not afraid to die; but I have a wife and four children, and I have a father aged and a mother aged whom I support by hunting, and I sorrow to

leave them helpless. Just as he said that, his old father from behind stepped out and said: He shall not die; I take his place. I am old and well stricken in years. I can do no good, I might as well die; my days are almost over. He can not be spared. Take me. And they accepted the sacrifice. Wonderful sacrifice, you say. But not so wonderful as that found in gospel; for we deserved to die, aye, we were sentenced, when Christ, not worn out with years, but in the flush of his youth, said: Save that man from going down to the pit. I am the ransom! Put his burdens on my shoulders. Let his stripes fall on my back. Take my heart for his heart. Let me die that he may live. Shall he be told to-day in heaven that notwithstanding all these wounds and all that blood and all those tears and all that agony, you would not accept Him? O Lord Jesus, we accept Thee now. There is no hand in all this audience lifted to smite Thee on the cheek now. No one will spear Thee now. No one will strike Thee now. Come in, Lord Jesus! Come quickly.

COLE CAMP CULLINGS.

Heavy Loaded Trains, and a Rush of Railroad Business—Death and Accident.

Correspondence of the BAZOO.

COLE CAMP, March 7.

—Commercial travelers are numerous on our streets.

—Dr. S. K. Crawford, of Warsaw, is among us shaking hands with his many friends.

—Mr. W. B. Ham, a prominent attorney from Warsaw, is in our city to-day.

—All trains on the narrow gauge continue to be heavily loaded with freight, and railroad business is rapidly increasing.

—Thursday morning, March 6th, Mr. Thomas Proffitt and a colony of twenty-four persons from Lincoln, passed north on the narrow gauge bound for Pine Valley, Oregon.

—Mr. Fred Ruenger, of Sedalia, is visiting friends in our city. A very pleasant social gathering was held this evening at the residence of Mr. C. Binder, all present enjoying themselves in the highest degree. The young folks engaging in a social hop until a late hour.

—At this writing, we learn of the death of Miss Rosa Schuber, whose parents live one mile south of this city. The funeral will take place from her father's residence Sunday evening. Rev. Father Gettle, of Sedalia, officiating. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of the entire community.

—From the following we are reminded that this is leap year and that the girls will improve the same. We were just shown a beautiful motto which is being made by a very prominent young lady which reads as follows: "Eat, Drink and be Married." How does this strike you bachelors? Come boys, brace up.

—On a certain evening during the present week two of our prominent young men arrayed themselves in fine linen and went to see their best girl, and as usual on such occasions, time flew very rapidly, and when at a very late hour the old gentleman came into the parlor and earnestly inquired of the boys if they had brought their knitting along with them. The school teachers immediately departed.

—Quite a serious accident occurred on last Wednesday evening, the 5th inst., four miles southeast of Lincoln, which came very near resulting in the death of Mr. Henry Brown. He had gone out on horseback for the purpose of driving up some cattle, and while after them his horse became frightened and threw him against a tree, bruising his head in a frightful manner. Hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Still Alive.

Omaha, March 8.—Bishop Clarkson was still living at 8 o'clock this evening. His great vitality and splendid constitution have sustained him beyond the expectations of his physicians.

HANNIBAL HAPPENINGS.

Correspondence of the BAZOO.

HANNIBAL, March 8.

—A severe snow storm prevailed at this place all day yesterday.

—The Misses Valley and Sadie Stevens are visiting Miss Annie Lemley, at Quincy.

—Lancaster & Delk, West End butchers, were arrested yesterday for selling diseased meat.

—A gentleman is in the city with a Hardon Hand Grenade fire extinguisher, which he is showing to the business men.

—A young man came to this city and put up a check for \$27 at one of the saloons for some drinks. He has not been heard from since, but some of his victims probably will be.

—J. F. Wollner, who lost his complete stock of stationery in the late fire, was presented with a neat little sum of money by his friends. He has opened up again in the building just below his old stand.

—John Cary was seriously injured by a falling rock while working in a quarry at Helton Station. Drs. Alvey and Matson, of this city, amputated his left leg just above the knee yesterday. Hopes are entertained of his recovery.

When Doctors Disagree

It will be time enough to doubt the reliability of Kidney-Wort. Doctors all agree that it is a most valuable medicine in all disorders of the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, and frequently prescribe it. Dr. P. C. Ballou, of Monks, says: "The past year I have used it more than ever, and with the best results. It is the most successful remedy I have ever used." Such a recommendation speaks for itself. Sold by all druggists. See advt.

—Avoid Pills.—Being largely composed of mercury, they eventually ruin the stomach, but Allen's Bilious physic, a vegetable mixture, acts quickly and effectually cures. 25 cents. At all druggists.

SUNDAY SERMON.

During the past week a representative and writer of this paper was told by an acquaintance that he could not see how we could reconcile our conscience to the publishing of a Sunday paper. We, of course, resorted to the argument that less work was performed on the Sabbath in the preparation of Sunday than Monday papers, but our friend was not satisfied. It is our aim to give our readers good reading, and in doing so it becomes necessary to sermonize occasionally. For this issue a comparison of our business and that of the dry goods merchant, the tobacconist, milliner, speculator, jeweler, and insurance agent, from a religious standpoint, will form our theme.

The strictest churches say—and they are endorsed by many eminent physicians, that coarseness is injurious to the health; that elegant dress materials cultivate vanity, and that the wearing thereof is sinful in the sight of God. Yet, to our knowledge, we have heard it said that dry goods merchants were sinners because they sold them. That tobacco is objectionable to the church is well-known from the numerous cards posted in edifices with the inscription, "Gentlemen will not use tobacco in God's house of worship," etc., and frequently ministers have condemned its use as sinful. Still many ministers and laymen use it, and no objection to the sale thereof during the week is made, and many dealers are good church members.

The millinery business is even more fruitful of the sin of vanity than the dry goods trade. Not many days ago a notice in one of our exchanges stated that of seventy-five lady attendants at church seventy-three had new bonnets. The church teaches that vanity is sin, also that the poor are of God's chosen; but who will deny that the want of a new bonnet is not frequently the cause for ladies (and probably most generally those who can indulge in them) absenting themselves from divine worship? The milliner is not considered a sinner for selling such goods.

Speculations in stocks, bonds, merchandise, real estate, etc., is held by many churchmen to be a species of gambling. But few speculators would hesitate to close an advantageous trade on Sunday, or at least to partially close the trade, if there be chances of losing the opportunity by a refusal on their part to transact business on the day in question. Many speculators, we believe the majority, are members of churches, and a large number of them thoroughly honest in their conviction that they are not sinners in their business.

The jeweler might be charged with cultivating envy, jealousy and pride between members of the church because he sells one party more costly diamonds than another. Nobody will, however, accuse him of doing wrong because he sells the most attractive goods he can find to the highest bidder, regardless of when or how they may make use thereof.

But the insurance man has the gravest charge to answer. His crime is that insurance is flying in the face of Providence. We are at a loss to know what defense to make to this. But many church people, women as well as men, have, and would not hesitate to claim insurance on the lives of deceased relatives or property destroyed, because death or destruction occurred on Sunday. They would probably not insure if the policy failed to include the Sabbath.

We deal in historical, literary and local reading matter, the greater part of which is prepared before the Sabbath dawns. We place the most attractive we can find before our readers, just as our mentor does in his business. We publish facts and the logic thereof is that dishonesty and vice are dangerous and disastrous in consequences, and that is precisely what churches and teachers inculcate. If this is sinful we plead guilty.

But, as we have shown, it will be seen that every business, according to some code of ethics, is susceptible of sin. What does this teach? We think it teaches that with no one well-defined standard, no man or class have a right to exact a fulfillment of their standard by the rest, but that all shall be required to observe the average.

Well Dressed People don't wear dingy or faded things when the 10 cent and guaranteed Diamond Dye will make them as good as new. They are perfect. Get at druggists and be economical. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Died.

Saturday morning March 8, at Green Ridge, of consumption, Miss Retta Hathaway, aged about 23 years.

—Q. C. Slack will sell you a bottle of Papillon Cough cure for your child, suffering to terribly with whooping cough.

Coming to Talmage.

FAYETTE, Mo., March 6. Ferrell & Fellows, Sedalia: DEAR SIRS: Please send me two tickets for adjacent seats in the parquette, dress or family circle—the best that are open, if any good ones remain.

Of course this means for the Talmage lecture, March 16th.

Respectfully,
B. G. SHACKELFORD.

The plat will be opened to-morrow morning and no seats will be reserved until then, at which time Mr. Shackelford will be located and so advised.

Enjoyable Entertainments

Were those given by Prof. Caldwell at Wood's opera house, during the past week. The Professor's power, as a mesmerist was duly appreciated by the large audiences which were present at his various entertainments, and who duly appreciated the study of human nature, presented to them in such a clear, concise and powerful manner.

Those who desire to see all of the phases of human character, powerfully delineated should not fail to see the professor, who is ably assisted by Mrs. Kidd.

Grant's Reception.

Fortress Monroe, March 8.—Gen. Grant held a reception in his parlor this morning. Gen. Tidball, commandant, and the officers of the garrison and other army and navy officers called. A national salute was fired from the fort in honor of his arrival.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold by Bard & Miller.